

The Fugitive Prologue

by Becci Wooster

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Summary: Why are Joey and Dawson worried about returning to

The Fugitive Prologue

**The Fugitive

> Epilogue

> By Becci Wooster<p><p>**

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Disclaimer - Most of the places and characters depicted in this story are not mine. However, some are. If you wish to use any of my ideas or characters in any context, please tell me first. Same goes if you want to display this story. However, credit must go to Mr. Williamson.

Thanks to - Cole Williams, for giving me this idea. As always, many thanks to anyone who has written, and thanks go to the people who read this. Thanks also to Britney Spears, who, despite looking drunk in the interactive section, has made a great album, and one that I am listening to currently.

Time Space Continuum - Sounds impressive, doesn't it? Anyway, this happens when the protagonists are 25. Dawson and Joey left Capeside at 18.

Joey bit her nails self consciously. She couldn't help being nervous. After seven years, she was back in Capeside. So much had happened in the past few years, and she never dreamt that she'd come back. She had to be here because of Dawson. He was working on this film, and it was based in Capeside. Despite his strongest refusals, his bosses had ordered the film should be shot in its original location. So she and Dawson were back in their childhood hometown. And she was desperate to leave. She jumped involuntarily when a hand was rested on her shoulder. Looking up, she saw it was Dawson.

"Sorry," he apologised.

"That's OK. I guess I'm just a little jumpy," she admitted.

"I don't blame you. It's kinda scary, isn't it? We haven't been here for seven years, and yet here we are standing by the water we travelled on for years. Have you seen anyone you know?" Dawson asked. Joey nodded. "Aren't you curious? Don't you want to know how everyone is?"

"I guess, but it's so hard, Dawson. We made the decision all those years ago, and we know that we hurt them by doing what we did."

"Jo, if we hadn't gone like we did, we would have been trapped here. But now, we're adults. We're independent from them. So why don't we look Bessie, Pacey, Jen and my parents up? See whether they're still alive?" Joey shrugged.

"Maybe in a few days. But don't you know they'll be shocked? They haven't heard from us in so long, and we're just gonna turn up on their doorstep. 'Oh, hi Mitch. Yeah, it's me Dawson, your son. You remember Joey right? And this is our daughter?' It needs to be done right."

I know," Dawson said, sighing. He slid his arms around Joey's waist, and rested his chin on her shoulder.

Pacey looked out over the creek as he drove home from work. The sun was beginning to set, and Capeside looked beautiful. On one of the bridges stood a young couple who appeared to be deeply in love. The man was hugging her close to him. Pacey smiled to himself, and turned the radio on. Music filled the car, a cheesy love song from the 1980s. Pacey began to sing along despite himself, and carried on with his journey.

Mitch sighed as he hung up the phone. He looked at his wife's expectant face. His frown made her nervous smile disappear, and it was replaced by an identical grimace. "The orders won't come in until the day after tomorrow, which means the restaurant will have to be closed tomorrow," he explained, running a hand through his thinning hair.

"So that means you'll be at home tomorrow, right?" Gail asked, smiling. Mitch smiled back.

"I guess so. It just means double the work when I get back."

"Don't worry about that," Gail scolded as she kissed him.

"I wonder what they're doing right now," Mitch said aloud as they pulled apart.

"I don't know, honey. But I want to think that they're as happy as we are. They'll find us one day. I know they will," Gail prophesied.

Bessie put her book down as she reached to turn the light off. It was late, and she was exhausted. But it was this time of night that she always thought about her kid sister. She regretted the cruel words she had used, and wished that she could apologise. But it had been seven long years. Bodie was gone, and so was another boyfriend. She

had friends to talk to, but none of them understood Bessie's history. Not like Joey. After all, Joey had been through it herself. But Joey was gone. Bessie just hoped that she was happy and healthy, not dying in some street, or alone and trying to provide for a child. As always, Bessie hoped for a better life for her little sister. She turned the light off, and rolled over in her bed. She drifted off to sleep almost immediately.

Did you like it? Did you hate it? Do you want me to write another part? Tell me then! E-mail me - Becci.Wooster@btinternet.com

What happened seven years ago? What are all the Capeside regulars doing now? What about Joey and Dawson's child? Will we ever meet her? You'll just have to keep reading! Look out for part one, coming soon.....

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End
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